

Observations upon the
**Strange & Wonderful
 PROPHECIES**

OF

Mr. John Gadbury, now Prisoner in the *Gate-House* for High Treason.

WITH

Astrological Predictions

For the YEAR, 1680.

SHEWING,

From the *Choicest Rules* in the *Sidereal Sciences*,
 What Grand **Revolutions** or **Accidents** are likely to
 happen in *Every Month*, respectively, in many Parts of the World:

Especially,

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, & IRELAND.

AS ALSO,

The Death of the **POPE** Fore-told, &c.

Multi multa sciunt, Sed nemo omnia.

Corruptio optimi est pessima. As the Art of *Astrology* is in it self of Noble
 Extraction, and a Nature sublime: So has no Secular Science been
 more grossly abused, whil'st *Fools* Idolize it, *Half-witted-Coxcombs* Con-
 temn it, and *Crafty Knaves* Use it, as a Politick Engine to boulder up
 a *Cheat*, or colour their Mischievous Designs.

When the Famous *Popish Gun-Powder-Plot* was discovered, there was one
Gresham, (a *Papist*, and small Pretender to the *Mathematicks*) was violently
 suspected to have some Hand in't, because he wrote so near the Matter in his
Almanack. Young *Nostredame*, to fulfill a certain Prophecy of his, That in such
 a Year, such a City should be burnt, set it on Fire himself; and for the same,
 received his Just Reward.

I know not, whether we have any such *Cunning-Men* among'st us at this day:
 Yet cannot but observe to the World, some notable Passages of a *Notorious*
Astrologician, Mr. J. G. in his *Almanack* for the approaching Year, 1680.

This Gentleman, having (by *what Art*, I determine not) obtain'd, it seems,
 some Notions of certain Occurrences, that were design'd to happen; was so full
 of the Business, that at the first dash, he *breaks Bulk*, and presents us with these
 prefaging Lines in *January*.

— Sly Hermes with Brisk Mavors Joyns,
In Aquary, [Which must not be forgot]
That Treacherous Human Signe can spawn a Plot.

A very pretty Predictive Hint! And had not the Dragon's-Tail, in Conjunction with the Meal-Tubb, hindered, it might in due time, have ripen'd into a Prophecy.

In February, he uses this shrewd Expression:

— All of a sudden, methinks, I hear of DREADFUL Treachery Northward.

I trust, this may not prove altogether Oraculous; and yet, that which is not Improbable, to be sure, is not Impossible. There are People, that would gladly make a Rebellion, if they cannot find it; nay, would purchase it at any Rate, to blanch their own black Purposes. And certainly, that which follows in the same Page, (if properly apply'd to the Be-Jesuited Bigots of the Bloody Romish Synagogue) is true to an Hairs breadth; viz.

A Feather of Religion, turns the soonest into a Frenzy, and makes each Wight an Orestes.

In the Month of March, he hath these words:

— I tell thee, O Clandestine Conspirator! be thou who thou wilt, in making it thy Business to disturb either thy Governours, or Country, thou dost therein assuredly court thy own Destruction.

This, in Defiance of Envy, and for the Credit of Art, and that Well-Experienc'd Author, I will adventure to call a Prophecy. And, as Providence hath hitherto since the Writing thereof, accomplish'd the same; so let it be our continual Prayers, That it may still be verifys'd for the Future: That so our Authors Menaces in June, may be defeated; viz.

That Vice is like to be Rampant; and the Sons of Perfidiousness, and Treachery, should be prevalent against Men of Worth and Integrity.

I shall not insist upon that Passage, in the Second Page of his Prog; because, 'tis probable, himself did not enough regard it; viz.

That there is a Spirit of Fraud abroad, which animates Men to entrap, ensnare, and betray one another: Yea, even their very Friends, and those of the same Feather, and Party, with them; possibly, to the Ruine and Destruction of Many.

But in the Third Page following, there is a Villainous Squinting Prognostick; that, perhaps, deserves a Severer Animadversion, than I can bestow. He is speaking of an Eclipse of the Sun in Aries, happening the Twentyeth of March, 1680. Upon which, he drops these Insolent Words:

The Famous Cambden (I suppose, he means Cardan) hath TRULTY minded us of the Danger attending ENGLAND, from Eclipses in Aries. —

Si quando fuerit Eclipsis in T^o aut ♈ significat mortem Regis.

In plain English thus, — If there shall be an Eclipse in Aries (as this is) or Leo, it signifies the Death of the KING.

And though he Translate it a little more generally thus, — An Eclipse of Sol in Aries or Leo, betokens the Death, or Downfall, of some great Emperour or Prince: Yet even this his English amounts to the same thing. For in the Words before, without any Occasion given by his Author, who speaks indefinitely, he had appropriated this to England, by naming That particularly: And goes on to justify such his Impudent Judgment, saying, — The REASON THEREOF, IS NEAR AT HAND. Sol is, Rex Planetarum, as a Prince amongst the Planets, &c.

But we have a more sure Word of Prophecy. — The Lord frustrateth the Tokens of the Lyars, and maketh Diviners mad, turneth Wise Men back-wards, and maketh their Knowledge foolish. Isa. 44. 25.

However, the Consideration hereof, is modestly submitted to Authority; whilst we only say:

From such Star-gazing Vixards of State,
With their Popish Prognosticks, Defend us:
What they seem to Fore-tell they Create;
And they cause all the Ills they pretend us.

And

Aud now, that we may Gratify the *Reader's* Curiosity, that would needs be Pick-Locking the Closet of Fate; we shall present him with some Innocent Predictions on each of the *Twelve Months*, of the ensuing Year, 1680. deduced from as Authentick Grounds in Art, as any Well-willer to the *Mathematick* in the Town can boast of. And first of —

January.

THE Year begins with Lofty Tow'ring Winds; which, 'tis hoped, may blow all the *Jesuits* into *Lubber-Land*. Towards the End of the Month, their *Popish-Plot* begins to *sink* worse than his *Holyness*, when he was Roasted the other Evening at *Temple-Bar*, with a *Cat* in his Belly. Some New Discoveries are made, and fresh Animosities and Accusations break forth: And not a few Conscious *Traytors*, who thought themselves secure, are brought upon the Stage. Nor will all their Interest, be able longer to screw them from Incensed Justice.

February.

Mars, and the *Sun*, meet in Consultation. 'Tis a Good Omen, when Authority, and Power, are United. What great Martialist is he, that now receives a Check? or languishing with the Tortures of a Guilty Conscience, Relinquish his Breath? The General Peace, which seem'd hovering over *Europe*, is now upon the Wing; and threatens once more, to leave *Christendom* in the Rage of *Bellona*; though divers prudent, moderate Statesmen, use all their Endeavours, to Court her longer Stay. Good News arrives about the Twenty-Seventh Day, to our Merchants, from the *South-West*; and curious feasonable Weather, concludes the Month.

March.

MArch comes in like a *Lion*: And Mens Actions are as rough and tempestuous, as the Weather. There are Clouds gathering, which may possibly Eclipse the *French Grandeur*. More petty Counter-Plots are Hatched, but vanish in Smoak. And the deviles of Mischief, are Entrapped in their own Pit-falls. Little *March* Dust is to be expected. Lofty debate in Supreme Counsels; and preparations every where making, for War; and yet every body pretends for Peace. The *Swede* Suffers: *Brandenburgh* is Active: The *Empire* labours under the Male-effects of pernicious Councils. How long, Oh ye illustrious Princes of *Europe*, will you suffer your selves to be Managed and abused by that pestilent Society, which seeks your Ruine, and to enslave you, all to their Grand Ecclesiastical Idol?

April.

THis is generally a moist Moneth, and perhaps some may Weep *Sanguine Tears*. What New Plot, or Stratagem is this, which is now turn'd up Trump? The Trade of *London* increases, in spite of all her *Popish* Enemies, who have vow'd her Destruction. News Arrives from *Ireland*: Great Things are upon the Wheel: Murders, and Casualties, more than ordinarily frequent

May.

Sol, and *Jupiter*, are in Conjunction; some prejudice happens to an Eminent Judge. *Fine Justitia, ruat Munda*: What think you, if the *Pope* should about this time, take a turn to *Purgatory*. 'Tis most probable, that Death, or at least, Sickness, Seizes his *Holyship*. 'Tis generally, a Crazy Time; and Men are neither well in their Bodys, nor well in their Wits. What foolish Rumour is that, now buzz'd abroad? Believe it not. 'Tis the First-born of the *Father of Lies*.

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June.

O London! London! God in Heaven Bless thee! The *Popes* Blessing, or Curse, signifies not three leaps of a Louse: But the Mercies of Wicked, are Cruel. Be Wise, and be Obedient; and, in this thy Day, know the Time of thy Visitation. May the good Hand of providence, protect thee from Casualties. The High and Mighty, are in a Strait; and the *Flower-de-Luces*, are withered with the too fervent Kisses of the Sun. If *Old More* be whetting his Hatcher to Cut down a Tall Cedar or two in *Europe*, who can help it? *Fiat voluntas Dei.*

July.

Frequent Showers disturb the Hay-makers. A new Disease sweeps many into their Graves: Fires are Threatned. Let our *Metropolis* be careful, to prevent them. Ah *Jockey!* What's the matter? Is it thy fault, or thy unfortune. Let Pragmatical, or Traiterous Spirits, look to it. *Raro Antecedentum.* &c.

August.

About the Fourteenth Day, expect great Rains and Thunder. Nor are mens minds more Calm, than the Air; but agitated with the Hurricanes of violent Passions. The Twentieth Day, is of fatal Consequence to some affairs; And, I fear, a very bad Harvest. Cheats, Robberies, Quarrels, Duels, and Treacherous wicked Actions, make up too great a part of this Months Business.

September.

Fine pleasant Weather, and affairs generally tending to an hopeful Posture; yet some Murmurings are heard. London, Remember *Stary Sis*, and the Curied Instruments of that Institution. Good News from *Italy*. But tell us, *O Apollo!* What Tydings is brought about this Time, in a *Pacquet* from *France*?

October.

Tis now *Fall of the Leaves*; and all the Fig-leaves wherewith the *Jesuits*, and *Papish* Emisaries, coverd and adorn'd their Villainous Plots, are blown away, and left them to the view of all the World, in their primitive. What mean all Almanack-writers, to leave *Justice Godfrey's* Martyrdome out of their Calenders? He deserves it, far better than some of those *Papish Rag-muffins*, wherewith they blot their Pages.

November.

Though our Author leave out the *Campaner-Flax*; yet I positively predict, it shall be Remembered. The Weather grows Cold, as the Charity of the Times. The Season admits of little Action; but there are the Devil, and all the Council on foot; but *Malum Consilium Consulari pessimum.*

December.

Sharp Frost, the most part of Month, Lies in abundance, spread abroad. The Stars are busy in mingling their Rays; whence Men should be Active too. Notable Actions will shortly manifest themselves. An Eminent person is snatched away; and the Year seems to end but untowardly.

F I N I S.